

A Fawcett Publication

LASH LARUE

WESTERN

SUMMER

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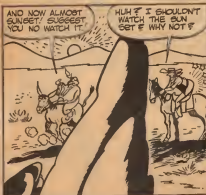
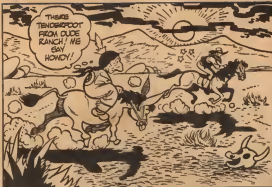
INTRODUCING
LASH LARUE!

THE FLASHING, LASHING,
TWO-GUN COWBOY OF
THE SCREEN!

Lash Larue
IN THIS ISSUE
LASH LARUE
IN
The Fatal Roundups



CHIEF GRAY MATTER





LASH LARUE WESTERN

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The following outstanding magazines are easily identified
on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • WHIZ COMICS • CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • OZZIE AND BARS
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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines
contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President

66

Lash LARUE



and The RANGE RIDERS OF DESTRUCTION!

THE WILD WEST HAS PRODUCED MANY HARBORING HEROES, AND AMONG THEM CAN BE FOUND THE NAME OF LASH LARUE! THE DEATH-DEFYING ADVENTURES OF THIS SILENT PARTNER OF JUSTICE IS INDELIBLY WRITTEN IN THE ANNALS OF HISTORY! AS A ROVING MARSHAL, LASH PUT FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF OUTLAWS, AND GAVE COURAGE TO THE DOWN-TRODDEN!



WE FIND LASH LARUE RIDING THROUGH A HAIL OF BULLETS!

LASH! STAY BACK! THAT MURDERING COYOTE WOULD LIKE NOTHING BETTER'N TO SHOOT YUH DOWN!

I WAS SENT TO THIS TOWN TO ARREST TOM DALTON ON A CHARGE OF MURDER AND NOW THAT I'VE FINALLY CAUGHT UP TO HIM, I DON'T INTEND TO LET HIM GET AWAY!

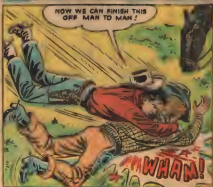
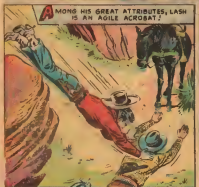
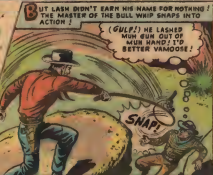


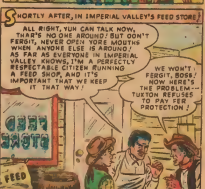
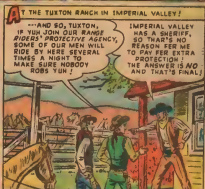
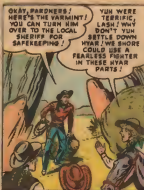
BANG! BANG!

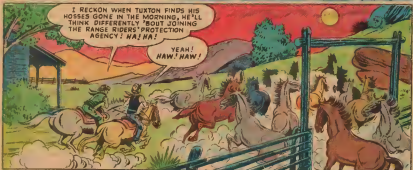
THAT'S RIGHT, LASH LARUE! JUST COME A LITTLE CLOSER! I'VE BIN WAITING A LONG TIME TO PUT A BULLET THROUGH YORE SKULL!



BANG! BANG!







A S THE BLUE SHADOWS OF NIGHT SETTLE ON THE PLAINS, THE BLAZING FLAME FROM A TORCH OUTLINES THE FIGURES OF DIXON AND SNIP!

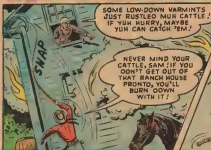
WHEN SAM SMITH FINOS ALL HIS CATTLE MISSING, I'M SURE THE RANGE RIDERS' PROTECTIVE AGENCY WILL HAVE A NEW MEMBER!

AND I RECKON IF WE BURN HIS HOUSE DOWN, EVERY RANCHER IN IMPERIAL VALLEY WILL BE SO SCARED THEY'LL JOIN UP WITHOUT BEING ASKED!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, LASH LARUE REACHES HIS DESTINATION!

LASH! I SEE YUH GOT MISH MESSAGE! WAL, YUH OION'T GIT HYAR A SECONDO TOO SOON!



SOME LOW-DOWN VARMINTS JUST RUSTLED MUR CATTLE! IF YUH MURRY, MAYBE YUH CAN CATCH 'EM!

NEVER MIND YOUR CATTLE, SAM! IF YOU OON'T GET OUT OF THAT RANCH HOUSE PRONTO, YOU'LL BURN DOWN WITH IT!



GET READY TO JUMP, SAM! I'LL CATCH YOU!

BUT MY WEIGHT'S LIABLE TO SEND US BOTH DOWN! THAR'S NO SENSE IN THE TWO OF US ENDING UP WITH BROKEN NECKS, LASH!



I'LL TAKE THAT CHARGE, SAM! NOW JUMP!!

A MAN NEVER WAD A BETTER FRIEND THAN YUN, LASH! HYAR I COME!

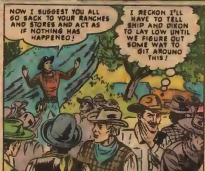
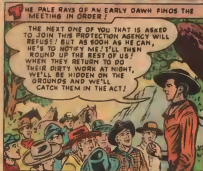
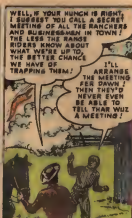


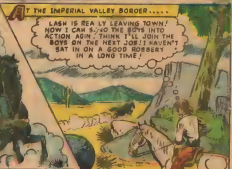
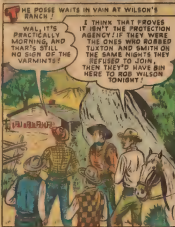
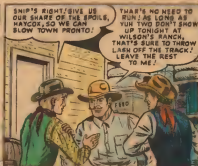
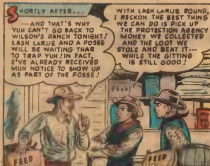
I'VE GOT YOU AND THE BULL WHIP'S HOLDING! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS SLIDE DOWN!



AS SOON AS WE REACH THE GROUND, DIVE CLEAR OF THE FLAMES! THEN YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT THIS AND YOUR MESSAGE WAS ALL ABOUT!

YUH BETCHA, LASH! THEY BOTH HAVE TO DO WITH THE SAME THING--- THE RANGE RIDERS' PROTECTION AGENCY!





HAYCOX SENDS HIS AGENTS TO PROPOSITION RANCHER WILSON AGAIN!

---FER THE LAST TIME, I TOLD YUH I WON'T PAY FER PROTECTION! NOW GIT OFF MUM PROPERTY!

WE SHOULDN'T HAVE WASTED TIME ASKING YUH TWICE TO JOIN! BUT I RECKON YUH'LL BE CONVINCED AFORE THE NIGHT'S OVER!



THAT WUZ A THREAT IF I EVER HEARD ONE! I SURE WISH LASH HADN'T RUN OUT ON US!



LASH!
BUT I THOUGHT---

I HAD TO PRETEND TO LEAVE TOWN IN ORDER TO BRING THE RATS OUT IN THE OPEN AGAIN! NOW YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO KNOWS I RETURNED TO IMPERIAL VALLEY, SO NO ONE CAN TIP THEM OFF AGAIN!



THAT NIGHT....

PSST! LASH! HERE THEY COME NOW AND THAT'S NO QUESTION 'BOUT IT...THEY'RE THE SAME YARMINTS FROM THE PROTECTION AGENCY!

AND HAYCOX IS LEADING THEM! THAT MEANS HE WAS THE STOOD PIGEON! THEY'LL NEVER SEE US UP HERE, SO THE MINUTE THEY START STEALING ANYTHING, WE'LL HAD THEM WITH THE GOODS ON THEM! GET YOUR GUN READY, WILSON!



BUT AS WILSON REACHES FOR HIS GUN, HIS FOOT SLIPS!

(GULP!) I'M FALLING OFF THE ROOF! HELP!



IT'S ALL RIGHT, WILSON! I'VE GOT YOU!

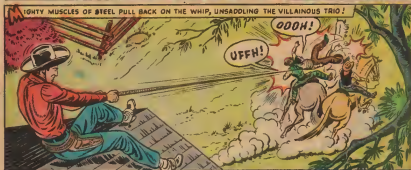
LOOK! IT'S LASH LARUE! START SHOOTING!



NOW WE'RE GONERS WITHOUT GUNS! I'M MIGHTY SORRY, LASH! IF YUH HADN'T STOPPED TO SAVE ME, YUH WOULDN'T HAVE LOST YORE GUNS!

THIS BULL WHIP ISN'T AS DEADLY AS A SIX-SHOOTER---







COMIX CARDS
appear
in
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WESTERN
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LASH LARUE
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WAGONWHEELS



"WILL NEVER GET OVER IT"

LOOK WHO'S
COMING...
WAGONWHEELS!

HE ALLUS TRIES TO KID
US, BUT HE'S NOT AGONNA
DO IT THIS TIME!



HOWDY, FELLERS!
WHEN? WHEN?

HUH?
WHUT ARE
YUH GASPING
ABOUT,
WAGONWHEELS?



IT WUZ AWFUL!
JEST AWFUL!!

WHUT
WUZ
AWFUL?



NO, I DON'T WANT
TO TALK 'BOUT IT!

AW, E'MON,
WAGONWHEELS!
WE'RE YORE
FRIENDS!



WAL, I'LL TELL YUH
ONE THING... I'LL
NEVER GIT OVER
WHUT I SAW
LAST NIGHT!

GEE, YUH'LL
NEVER GIT OVER
WHUT YUH SAW
LAST NIGHT!
WHUT WUZ IT?



THE MOON!
HA, HA, YUH SHORE
FELL FER
THET ONE!



Lash LARUE

and the
FATAL ROUNDUPS



IT'S FRISBY, ALL RIGHT! BUT HE AND HIS HENCHMEN HAVE GOTTEN CLEAN AWAY AFTER EVERY RUSTLING JOB!

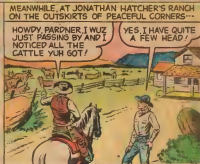
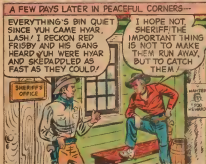
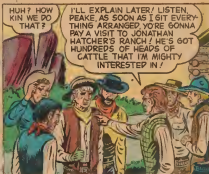
WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM OR NO ONE'S CATTLE WILL BE SAFE! I'M GOING TO STAY IN PEACEFUL CORNERS UNTIL THEY ARE STOPPED!

THE NEWS OF THE FAMED MARSHAL'S APPEARANCE IN PEACEFUL CORNERS SPREADS FAST! AND SOON AFTER, IN THE HILL HIDE-OUT OF THE NOTORIOUS RED FRISBY...

I GOT BAD NEWS, RED! LASH LARUE IS IN PEACEFUL CORNERS!

LASH LARUE! HE'S A TOUGH HOMBRE! IT WON'T BE SAFE FER US TO TRY ANY MORE RUSTLING WHILE HE'S 'ROUND! BUT THEY'RE PAYING GOOD MONEY FER CATTLE IN MEXICO AND LASH ISN'T GONNA STOP US FROM CASHING IN ON IT!





JONATHAN HATCHER WASTES NO TIME GETTING HIS CATTLE TO RED RIVER JUNCTION AND LOCATING THE "BUYER"!

THAT MUST BE THE PLACE NOW, HATCHER!

I RECKON IT IS! WE MADE GREAT TIME BOYS! THAR'S GOING TO BE A BONUS FER ALL OF YOU!

MYAR COMES HATCHER NOW, RED! AND HE BROUGHT ALL HIS CATTLE!

HA HA, HE FELL FER THE STORY JUST LIKE I FIGGERED HE WOULD!

I'D BETTER GIT INSIDE AFORE HATCHER SPOTS ME! HE MIGHT GIT SUSPICIOUS IF HE SAW ME!

THAT'S RIGHT! AND GET THE BOYS READY! WE WANT TUH GIVE HATCHER AND HIS COW-POKES A WARM RECEPTION—VERY WARM!



WEARING A FALSE BEARD, MUSTACHE, GREY WIG AND FAKE GLASSES, RED FRISBY FACES A MAN WHO COULD OTHERWISE RECOGNIZE HIM AS THE OUTLAW!

I HOPE I GOT YOUR STORY STRAIGHT, MISTER! I WUZ TOLD YO'RE PAYING GOOD PRICES FER CATTLE!

THAT'S RIGHT! I KIN USE ALL THE HEADS YOU HAVE! AND MONEY'S NO OBJECT!

THOSE WORDS ARE MUSIC TO MUH EARS!

C'MON INSIDE BOYS! I ALWAYS HAVE SOME GRUB AND REFRESHMENTS WAITING FER MUH CUSTOMERS!



BUT AS THEY ENTER THE RANCH HOUSE, IT ISN'T REFRESHMENTS THEY RECEIVE!

THAT'S IT! SHOOT 'EM DOWN!

HUH UGH!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

GOOD WORK! NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS GIT RID OF THEIR BODIES AND SELL THE CATTLE 'CROSS THE BORDER!

AND THEN WE KIN PULL THE SAME TRICK OVER AGIN WITH SOME OTHER RANCHER! YO'RE A GENIUS, RED! NOBODY LL EVER GIT WISE TO OUR SET-UP!



WHEN JONATHAN HATCHER DOES NOT RETURN HOME, HIS DISTRACTED WIFE RUNS TO THE SHERIFF /

--- AND HE AND THE BOYS HAVEN'T RETURNED! I'M PLUMB WORRIED OUT OF MUH MIND! I KNOW SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAS HAPPENED TO THEM!

NOW DON'T BE ALARMED, MAM! YO'RE HUSBAND PROBABLY HAD SOME TROUBLE WITH THE CATTLE AND THAT'S DELAYING HIM!

I HOPE THAT'S ALL IT IS!

OF COURSE, IT IS! AND IF IT'LL MAKE YOU FEEL ANY BETTER, I'LL RIDE OUT TO RED RIVER JUNCTION AND SEE IF I CAN BE OF SOME HELP TO HIM!

I DIDN'T WANT TO WORRY MRS. HATCHER ANY MORE THAN POSSIBLE, BUT I'M AFRAID SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO HER HUSBAND AND HIS MEN! BUT THE FIRST THING TO DO IS CHECK IF THEY EVER REACHED THAT CATTLE BUYER IN RED RIVER JUNCTION!

ALL THE NEXT DAY AND NIGHT, LASH RACES HIS GALLANT BLACK STEED UNTIL HE ARRIVES AT RED RIVER JUNCTION!

--- NO, MARSHAL, NOBODY BY THE NAME OF HATCHER EVER CAME HYAR WITH CATTLE! I WISH HE HAD! I'M IN THE MARKET FER ALL THE CATTLE I KIN GIT MUH HANDS ON!

THEN WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF MUST HAVE HAPPENED! RED FRISBY AND HIS GANG MUST HAVE SWOOPED DOWN ON THEM SOMEWHERE ON THE PLAINS, KILLED THEM, AND RUN OFF WITH THE CATTLE!

THAT RED FRISBY IS A MENACE! I HOPE YUH CATCH HIM REAL SOON, MARSHAL!

I DON'T KNOW HOW SOON IT'LL BE, BUT I WON'T STOP TILL THOSE PRAIRIE RATS ARE BEHIND BARS WAITING FOR THEIR SENTENCES!

BIG WORDS, LASH! BUT YUH'LL NEVER LIVE TO SEE THAT DAY!

AFTER HOURS OF CONSTANT SEARCHING WITHOUT FOOD, REST, OR WATER...

I MAY AS WELL HEAD BACK FOR PEACEFUL CORNERS! I'VE SEARCHED THE ENTIRE ROUTE FROM PEACEFUL CORNERS TO RIVER JUNCTION AND THERE ISN'T A SIGN OF HATCHER OR HIS CATTLE!

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF PEACEFUL CORNERS, LASH PASSED TOM BEATTIE'S RANCH!

HOLD IT, BOYS! IT'S LASH LARUE!
HOWDY, LASH!

HOWDY, TOM! WHERE ARE YOU TAKING YOUR CATTLE?



TO RED RIVER JUNCTION! THAR'S A NEW BUYER THAR AND HE'S IN THE MARKET FER PLENTY OF CATTLE!

HMM... MIND IF I TRAIL ALONG.



SHORE, GLAD TO HAVE YUH ALONG!

I'M NOT COMING JUST FOR THE RIDE! I'M AFRAID RED FRISBY AND HIS GANG ARE OPERATING SOMEWHERE BETWEEN HERE AND RED RIVER!



(GULP) RED FRISBY!

YES! AND FROM ALL SIGNS HE GOT JONATHAN HATCHER AND HIS CREW! BUT THIS TIME WE'LL BE READY IN CASE THEY STRIKE AGAIN!



I SHORE AM GLAD YUH RAN IN TO US, LASH! WITH YUH AROUND, I DON'T FEAR TEN RED FRISBYS! WOULD YOU MIND CARRYING THIS LIST OF CATTLE FER ME, TILL WE GIT TO RED RIVER?

ALL RIGHT, MEN GET THE HERD GOING!

I'LL PUT TOM'S LIST HERE IN MY BLOUSE POCKET, IT'LL BE SAFE THERE!

THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE TRIP TO RED RIVER JUNCTION, LASH AND THE OTHERS ARE CONSTANTLY ON THE ALERT, BUT THE TRIP PROVES UNEVENTFUL!



NOT AT ALL, TOM!



I GUESS YOU'RE SAFE NOW! THERE'S THE CATTLE BUYERS RANCH

I ADMIT I WUZ PLENTY WORRIED

AFTER WHAT YUH TOLD US, LASH, 'BOUT POOR HATCHER AND HIS MEN! I THOUGHT FER SHORE FRISBY AND HIS GANG WOULD ATTACK AFERE WE GOT HYAR!



I MAY AS WELL
HEAD BACK FOR
PEACEFUL CORNERS
AGAIN! I'VE GOT TO GET
ON THE TRAIL OF
RED FRISBY SOME-
HOW!



IF ANYONE
CAN DO
IT, YOU'RE
THE ONE,
LASH! SO
LONG, AND
GOOD LUCK!

I'VE GOT TO ADMIT
FRISBY IS PLENTY
SMART! HE HASN'T
LEFT A CLUE I
CAN WORK ON!



SHORTLY AFTER---

WELCOME, GENTS, WELCOME!
C'MON INSIDE! THAR'S FOOD
AND REFRESHMENTS
WAITING INSIDE FER
YUH!



THAT
SHOR-
SOUNDS
GOOD! C'MON,
FELLOWS!
WE'LL DO
BUSINESS
LATER!

AT THE SAME TIME SOME DISTANCE AWAY---

WHOA, BLACK DIAMOND! I FORGOT
TO RETURN TOM'S CATTLE
LIST! HE PROBABLY NEEDS
IT FOR THE SALE!
LET'S SPEED BACK
AND GIVE TOM
HIS LIST!



LASH'S HORSE RESPONDS TO HIS MASTER'S
URGING FOR SPEED!

HUH? THERE'S NO ONE
AROUND! THEY MUST ALL
BE IN THE RANCH HOUSE!



WHILE INSIDE THE RANCH HOUSE---

REACH FOR THE SKY!
AND MAKE IT PRONTO!

(GULP) WHAT
IS THIS--A JOKE?



YES, A BIG JOKE---
ON YUH! AS A REWARD
FER BRINGING YORE
CATTLE TO US, WE'RE
GONNA PAY YUH ALL
OFF--- IN BULLETS!

(GULP) WE
WALKED INTO
A TRAP!

WE
HAVEN'T
GOT A
CHANCE!



NOBODY WAS A CHANCE AGAINST RED FRISBY!
WE GOT HATCHER AND AFTER WE GIT RID OF
YUH, WE'LL GIT PLENTY OF OTHERS! OKAY,
BOYS, WE'VE BIN WASTING
ENUF TIME! LET 'EM
HAVE IT!

NO, NO, FRISBY!
DON'T DO IT!



SUDDENLY, LIKE A STRIKING ADDER !!!

HUH?

IT'S A WHIP! IT
KNOCKED THE GUNS
OUT OF OUR HANDS!

OUCH!



I THOUGHT THINGS WERE
TOO QUIET! COME ON, BOYS,
LET'S GET THESE ROTTEN
MURDERERS NOW! I'LL
TAKE CARE OF RED
FRISBY MYSELF!

(GULP)
LASH
LARUE!



I'D BETTER MAKE
A RUN FER IT!

I'VE WAITED A LONG
TIME TO CATCH UP
WITH YOU, RED AND I'M
NOT GOING TO
LET YOU GET
AWAY NOW!

POW!



SOCK!

BAM!



OOOH!

WHAM!

YOU THOUGHT YOU COULD
GET AWAY WITH YOUR
DISGUISE AND WELL LAID
OUT PLANS, BUT NO
CROOK EVER GETS AWAY
WITH A CRIME!

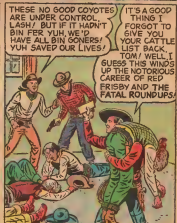
UGH!

POW!



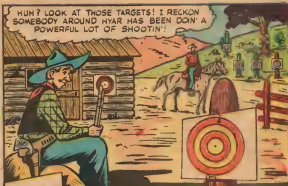
THESE NO GOOD COYOTES
ARE UNDER CONTROL,
LASH! BUT IF IT HADN'T
BIN FER YUH, WE'D
HAVE ALL BIN GONERS!
YUH SAVED OUR LIVES!

IT'S A GOOD
THING I
FORGOT TO
GIVE YOU
YOUR CATTLE
LIST BACK,
TOM! WELL, I
GUESS THIS WINDS
UP THE NOTORIOUS
CAREER OF RED
FRISBY AND THE
FATAL ROUNDUPS!



LOCO LEW

"Some Shooting"



GOSH! WHAT SHOOTIN! EVERYONE IS A PERFECT BULL'S-EYE!



SAY, DO YOU KNOW WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THESE BULL'S-EYES?

SHORE... ME!

YUH? WHY, THIS IS THE GREATEST MARKSMANSHIP I'VE EVER SEEN! YOU'RE GREAT!

THANKS!



I CAN'T GIT OVER IT, YOUNG FELLER! I'VE SEEN A LOT OF GREAT SHOOTERS BUT NONE LIKE YUH! HOW DO YOU DO IT?

IT'S EASY...



--- I SHOOT FIRST AND DRAW THE TARGETS AFTERWARD!



KIDDER KIDD

By Walt Farmer



KIDDER KIDD STEPPED to the bar, grinning. There was a look of devilment on his freckled face. His wide mouth was spread like half-a-watermelon. The bartender looked at him with one eyebrow raised. Kidder Kidd looked quickly toward the swinging door, then back at the bartender. He took a beer glass from his pocket and set it on the bar.

"You takin' up drinking?" asked the bartender, suspiciously.

"Nope," responded Kidder. "Folks say I'm loco enough without taking to firewater. But I'm aiming to buy a beer for a friend of mine and I want you to put it in this glass."

"You're up to somethin', Kidder," said the barkeep. "I'll draw one an' put it in that glass, but you've got to hand it over to your friend, whoever it is. I'm in business here. I don't want to get involved in none of your monkeyshines."

"Well, hurry," urged Kidder. "He'll be here any second."

The bartender drew the beer in the special glass and placed it before Kidder Kidd, just as Gottschalk Dammler strode through the swinging doors.

"I saw you coming," said Kidder. "and ordered one up for you, Chalky." He pushed the beer to Dammler. The barman stifled a groan and backed away.

"Why thanks," said Dammler. He was a big shot in the town. He had power and money and mysterious ways of getting more. He was used to having people buy him drinks to try to curry favor. He invariably accepted the drinks and almost never granted the favor.

"Here's how," he said gruffly, raising the glass to his lips. As the glass was tilted, beer and foam spewed over his chin and down over his milk-white vest. Anger blazed in the eyes of Gottschalk Dammler. He had been humiliated, made the victim of an old joke, the so-called dribble glass.

Dammler reached for his gun, but already Kidder Kidd had him covered with a very business-like looking pistol. Dammler stopped reaching. Kidd was widely known as a man who could shoot quick, and straight. Dammler raised his hands, slowly. Kidd removed the six-shooter from Dammler's holster. Then, while Dammler stood with hands raised, unarmed, Kidd squeezed the trigger of his own pistol.

A quick intake of breath, a sharp sigh, came from the barkeep and other onlookers as they detected the move. They all knew, or hoped, that Gottschalk Dammler would be done in one day. But this didn't figure. Kidder was not the type to shoot down an unarmed man in cold blood.

Then the sigh changed suddenly to uncontrolled laughter. Dammler was unhurt except for his dignity. His face was splattered. His hair was wet. He'd been "shot" with a water pistol. Gunless and furious, Dammler stalked out of the bar.

IN TOWN, THE INCIDENT of the dribble glass and the water pistol was widely discussed. Cowhands in from their ranches, miners in from their claims, soldiers on leave from the prairie fort; all were told about it. To a man they were secretly glad that Gottschalk Dammler had been made ridiculous. But nearly all were afraid to express joy openly. Dammler was powerful, mean and vengeful.

"Kidder Kidd sure had his nerve."

"Oh, he's nervy, all right, but brainless."

"Sure, it was a foolish thing. That practical jokin' might be all right with friends, but it was bound to git him in trouble sooner or later."

"Never did see such a feller. Never could resist a joke nohow."

"But on Dammler! That's like signin' his own death warrant."

"Sure, Dammler will kill him."

"No he won't. I know Dammler. He'll let

him live and make him suffer. He'll break him. He'll fix it so Kidder Kidd will have to come crawlin' to him for a crust of bread."

That's how the talk went in town. And pretty soon the handiwork of the all-powerful Dammler became evident. Kidd had been fired from his job at the Double Z spread. Furthermore, no other ranch would hire him. And nobody in town would give him a job. Finally the word came through that he'd been hired as a guard on the "suicide run." This was a job with no competition. He was to ride guard on a stagecoach shipment of gold. His three predecessors in the position had died suddenly of "lead poisoning."

SEVEN MASKED MEN came roaring down the slope firing pistols. The stage driver pulled on the reins and brought the clattering horses to a stop. Kidder Kidd, sitting beside him with a rifle across his knees, rose, flung the rifle away, held his hands skyward and cried, "Spare us! Don't shoot! Take the gold!"

The driver was later to describe Kidder Kidd as, "the most cowardly guard ever to set on the boot along side me! But what kin yuh expect from a man that spends all his time makin' jokes on folks an' ain't serious fer a moment?"

The robbers took the gold and departed, grateful for the ease with which their mission was accomplished.

MOST OF THE PEOPLE in town were kind of disappointed in Kidder Kidd. They had liked him, but they all hated a coward. He was, of course, on hand a few hours later at the sheriff's confab, called to bring together all the town's important citizens and to try to figure out a way to catch the robbers. Kidd and the driver were witnesses.

Dammler, a big shot, was there, too. After brief introductory remarks by the sheriff to outline the purpose of the session, Dammler arose and pointed a finger at Kidd. "I wouldn't be surprised if he was in on the robbery," he said. "After all, he was supposed to be a guard, but we have

the driver's word that he threw down his gun and didn't put up any fight."

Dammler paused for a moment. He seemed to have more to say, but he paused for a moment to scratch himself. His hands and wrists were particularly itchy. "And furthermore," he said, but stopped to scratch.

Kidder Kidd rose. He faced Dammler. He pointed, not a finger, but a gun.

"This is no water pistol," he said. He chuckled, but his eyes were intense and grave. "Sheriff, do your duty. Arrest Dammler. I recognize him as the leader of the holdup gang and I have no doubt that he will turn State's evidence against his confederates."

Dammler started to draw, but Kidd leaped across the room and clouted him on the jaw. Dammler went down for the count.

Dammler was hauled off to jail and, in due course, he did implicate his six assistants and he did tell where the gold dust was hidden, thus hoping to pacify justice and thus keep himself from the noose. Kidder Kidd did not particularly care whether Dammler was hanged or spent the rest of his life in jail. His job in the town was done, except for one thing. He wanted to square himself with the stage driver. He invited the latter in to the town bar for a beer.

"... I suspected Dammler," continued Kidd, polishing his marshal's badge casually. "but I had no proof. I pulled a couple of jokes on him as life insurance. I knew after that he wouldn't want me killed, he'd want me to live, and suffer! So when I was guard on the gold shipment I was almost sure he wouldn't shoot me."

"But how could you recognize him. He was masked," exclaimed the guard.

... DIDN'T recognize him . . . then," admitted Kidd. "But I had mixed all that gold dust with itchy powder, delayed action type. No practical joker is worth anything without itchy powder. And sooner or later I knew the robbers would start scratching!"

THE END

BIG BOW AND LITTLE ARROW

THE BIG SNOOZE

ME SO TIRED FROM WALKING,
LITTLE ARROW, ME NO CAN
TAKE ANOTHER STEP!

NO CAN SEE
ANYONE AROUND, MAYBE
WE FIND PLACE IN CARNIVAL
TENTS TO TAKE TWENTY
WINKS. COME ON,
BIG BOW!

WET BOIL
CARNIVAL

WHERE WE GO
FIRST, LITTLE
ARROW?

LITTLE ARROW, SMART LIKE
FOX! ME SEE HORSES
OUTSIDE STABLE SO ME
FIGURE WE CAN
SLEEP INSIDE!

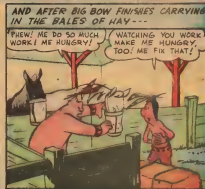
AH LYING DOWN SURE
FEELS GOOD! ME
CAN SLEEP
FOR MONTH!

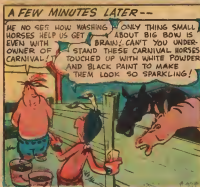
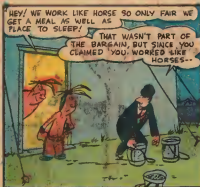
MAYBE BIG BOW
COULD SLEEP MONTH
BUT ONLY GOING TO
SLEEP TILL DAWN. WE MUST
BE OUT BEFORE OWNER OF
CARNIVAL FIND US HERE!
NOW GOOD NIGHT!

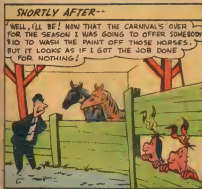
SHORTLY AFTER

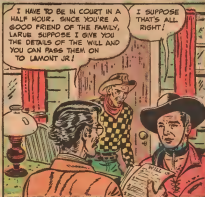
HEY BIG BOW! WHAT IS
IDEA OF LIGHTING
UP STABLE?

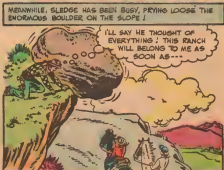
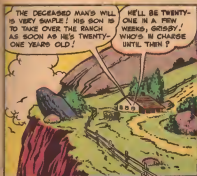
ME NO DO,
LITTLE ARROW!



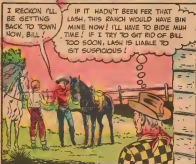
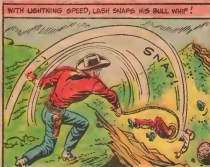








LASH LARUE WESTERN



EVIDENTLY YOU DIDN'T!
NOW GET THIS CALF
BACK TO ITS OWNER!

WHAT FER? IF A RANCHER'S
SO CARELESS THAT HE
LETS HIS STOCK ROOM
ONTO SOMEONE ELSE'S
PROPERTY, HE DESERVES
TO LOSE IT!



YOU HEARD ME, SLEDGE! I SAID RETURN THAT
CALF! WHAT'S MORE, I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU
NOW ---- EVER SINCE I'VE BEEN HOME, I'VE TAKEN
NOTICE OF YOUR DISHONESTY! AS SOON AS
I'M TWENTY-ONE NEXT WEEK I'M FIRING YOU!



NOW I'D BETTER SEE
ABOUT GETTING THIS
PORCUPINE ROCK
DOWN INTO MY
GEOLOGY LAB.
IT'S ONE OF THE
BEST SPECIMENS
I'VE EVER SEEN.
THE PRONGS ARE
SHARPER THAN
KNIVES!

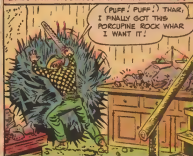


PUT THAT
GUN AWAY,
SLEDGE! IF
YUH SHOOT
BILL, THAT
ROVING MARSHAL'S
BOUND TO FIND YUH
OUT! ENUF TIME'S
PASSED FER YUH
TO PLAN ANOTHER
ACCIDENT!



LATER THAT DAY, SLEDGE SNEAKS INTO BILL'S LAB!

(PUFF! PUFF!) THAR,
I FINALLY GOT THIS
PORCUPINE ROCK WHAR
I WANT IT!



NOW TO GIT THE REST
OF MUSH "ACCIDENT"
SET UP AFORE BILL
GETS BACK FROM
TOWN!



I'LL SAW THROUGH THESE
PLANKS JUST ENUF TO
MAKE SURE BILL
FALL THROUGH THE
FLOOR WHEN HE
WALKS IN!



HE'LL FALL RIGHT ONTO THAT ROCK WITH
THEM KNIFE-LIKE EDGES WHICH I PLACED
DIRECTLY UNDER THIS SPOT!
EVEN LASH LARUE WON'T BE
ABLE TO PROVE IT WUZNT
AN ACCIDENT!



NOW TO GET AWAY FROM HERE. I HEAR A HOSS COMING! IT'S PROBABLY BILL!



BUT IT'S LASH LARUE WHO RIDES UP!

I HAVEN'T SEEN BILL IN OVER A WEEK! SINCE I'M AROUND, I MIGHT AS WELL DROP IN AND SAY HELLO!



HELLO, THERE! IS ANYBODY HOME?



AS LASH STEPS INSIDE, HIS WEIGHT COLLAPSES THE WEAKENED FLOOR!



(GULP!) IF I LAND ON THAT ROCK, I'LL SURELY BE STABBED TO DEATH!



STEEL NERVES AND SUPERB REFLEXES ACT IN COORDINATION! LASH SNAPS HIS WHIP AROUND THE EDGE OF A FLOOR BOARD!

WHEW! ANOTHER EIGHTH OF AN INCH AND THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN ME BEING LIPPED UP INSTEAD OF MY SHIRT!





NOW TO
GET OUT OF
HERE!



LASH!
WHAT
HAPPENED?

THE FLOOR PLANKS MUST
HAVE ROTTED, BILL! I
FELL THROUGH AND WAS
ALMOST KILLED ON ONE
OF YOUR GEOLOGICAL
SPECIMENS!



BUT I NEVER LEFT THAT
"PORCUPINE" ROCK BELOW
HERE! I PUT IT IN THE
OPPOSITE CORNER OF
THE LAB!

ARE YOU
SURE, BILL?



AS SURE AS
MY NAME'S BILL
LAMONT JR!

THESE PLANKS, BILL! LOOK AT
THEM! THEY BROKE OFF TOO
EVENLY TO HAVE HAPPENED
ACCIDENTALLY! SOMEONE SAWED
THEM AND THEN TRIED TO MAKE IT
LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT!



ONLY ONE PERSON
HAS ANYTHING TO GAIN
BY GETTING RID OF
ME----AND THAT'S
SLEDGE!

NOW I'M BEGINNING
TO THINK THAT FALLING
BOULDER WAS NO
ACCIDENT EITHER. LET'S
GO FIND SLEDGE.



UP TO NOW I WUZ AFERAID TO PLUG BILL
'CAUSE I FIGURED YUH'D CATCH ME, LASH.
BUT IF I SHOOT YUH ALSO, MUH WORRIES
WILL BE OVER. THAR AIN'T ANYONE ELSE
AROUND HYAR SMART
ENUF TO PIN THE
MURDERS ON ME!

WHAM!

CONK!



BUT A SECOND LATER, LASH RECOVERS FROM
THE BLOW!

I'LL GIT RID OF
BILL FIRST!

MY WHIP'S TOO FAR
AWAY FOR ME TO REACH,
AND SINCE EVERY
SECOND COUNTS---

LASH LARUE'S AIM WITH A SIX SHOOTER IS AS TRUE TO THE MARK AS IT IS WITH THE BULL WHIP!

---I'LL HAVE TO RELY ON MY SIX SHOOTER!

(GULP!) HE SHOT THE GUN RIGHT OUT OF MUM HAND!



BUT I STILL HAVE ANOTHER GUN AND ALL I NEED IS ONE BULLET TO FINISH HIM!

I'M AFRAID ONE OF HIS BULLETS MIGHT HIT BILL!



SO I'D BETTER HIT MY MARK ---NOW!

BANG!

BANG! BANG! BANG!



OOOH! MUM ARM!

LUCKY FOR ME, YOUR AIM WASN'T TOO GOOD AND LUCKY FOR YOU, I DON'T SHOOT TO KILL!



AS SOON AS I REVIVE BILL, I'LL TAKE YOU WHERE YOU CAN GET SOME FIRST AID ---THE TOWN JAIL!

(GROAN!)



SHORTLY AFTER---

THANKS AGAIN, LASH! YOU NOT ONLY SAVED MY RANCH FROM FALLING INTO SLEDGE'S HANDS, BUT YOU ALSO SAVED MY LIFE!

DON'T MENTION IT, BILL! IT'S A PLEASURE TO AN OFFICER OF THE LAW TO TEACH CRIMINALS THAT NO MATTER HOW WELL THEY PLAN, LAW AND JUSTICE TRIUMPH!



FOR WESTERN THRILLS AND TRAIL-BLAZING ADVENTURES, WATCH FOR THE NEXT ISSUE OF LASH LARUE WESTERN! ONLY 10¢

LASH LARUE

and his
WHIP OF JUSTICE



A full-page color photograph of actor Lash LaRue. He is wearing a blue western-style jacket, blue jeans, a red neckerchief, and a black cowboy hat. He is sitting on a dark-colored horse, which is facing left. The horse has a decorative yellow and red saddle blanket. The background features large, reddish-brown rock formations on the left and a dense green shrub on the right. The ground is dry and dusty. In the upper right corner, there is a white rectangular box containing the text "LASH LARUE" in large red letters, and below it, "STAR OF WESTERN" and "ADVENTURES PRODUCTIONS" in smaller red letters.

LASH LARUE

**STAR OF WESTERN
ADVENTURES PRODUCTIONS**